

To The End of Our Age

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Summary: What really happened during the Halo 3 ad. For amidst the Death, Doom, and Destruction, hope prevails. One last, lone hope, Spartan117. He will be the bang by which our world ends...with a whimper.

To The End of Our Age

****To The End Of Our Age.****

****A/N: This is A Oneshot based on the Halo 3 ad, and What I think it means.****

****Disclaimer: I don't own Halo (The Franchise)****

The mission to end all missions, the final battle of the greatest war of our age. And I am the Master Chief, humanity's last, greatest hope, the living breathing embodiment of the Spartan-II program's success.

Bred to fight, made for war. I will lead the final charge to break the covenant foothold here on Earth.

I would lead an armor escort and a warthog battalion to the command and control point channeling all traffic in and out of the city.

We'd meant this mission to be a simple hit-and-run, get in, take out the comms mainframe, and hightail it to New Mombasa's UNSC resistance cell.

From thereon, with no comms, infiltrating and destroying whatever they're up to in the wreck that was once one of earth's most technologically advanced hubs...would be a snap.

Who'd ever thought the Covenant would know I was coming.

The Artillery Strike took out half the Scorpion convoy escorting my Warthog, and the second volley sent my left wing flying.

Things...didn't look good, to say the least.

The third volley more or less missed us completely, but a few stray plasma orbs took out some tight-knit concentrations.

The screeches of steel grinding against bone, as the Marines in the Warthog are crushed by their own vehicle. Survive that, and they still must contend with the concussive force of the Wraith's plasma artillery, and the heat generated that burns their flesh clean off.

Nothing left but a few smoking skeletons and a useless vehicle chassis.

I picked up the radio transceiver, and passed it to the Marine in the side seat.

"Marine, send an encoded transmission to any offshore artillery, tell them we need fire support!" I bellow through my helmet.

The marine had cold fear in his eyes, but when I tossed him the radio, what I saw there was the fire of determination.

"NOW!" I added for emphasis.

The marine saluted, and sent out the call.

"This is escort convoy Delta 4-134 en route to New Mombasa! Covenant wraith tanks have got us pinned down at grid square Epsilon 9-1912! Can anyone copy?"

"This is captain of the offshore Aircraft carrier UNSC: Eternal Sacrifice. Longsword Bombers are en route to your location! I repeat, Bombers are away!"

"Hang in there Marine; we need all hands for the defense of our good green earth."

"That's not why I'm concerned, Captain! We're escorting the Master Chief en route to the Covenant's Comms relay in New Mombasa! Our job is to stop whatever it is those Covie bastards are up to in New Mombasa! If we don't get him there, your family, my family, and the nine million families here on New Mombasa, hell â€" Earth itself, is as good as dead!"

I heard the silence on the comm., and put my hand on the Marine's shoulder.

"Wait for it..." I said.

"This â€" is â€" UNSC Eter-ksssk-nal Sacrifice! Comms are being jammed! I require manual transmission of cruise missile strike data!"

I grab the radio transceiver, and speak.

"Captain, this is Spartan-117, transmit cruise missile strike co-ordinates beta-charlie-nine-two-niner-zero! New Mombasa outskirts!"

"Reading you loud and clear, Master Chief! Pull back now! Cruise missile and bomber strike inbound."

"This is Spartan-117, over and out."

"Chief, we have bogies up ahead!" yells my gunner over the thunder of the exploding plasma shells.

I look through my helmet's tactical visor, and what I see is not good.

I stand up in my seat, and yell to the convoy, "We have a banshee column inbound! Break! Assume scatter formation!"

I lock the first banshee into my sights, and holster my tactical pistol.

One â€" the first AP round takes out its anti-gravity pod.

Two- the second round takes out the other.

The banshee crashes, screeching, to the ground, a smoldering wreck.

Upon that, the Banshees break formation, and fire their anti-vehicular weaponry.

Fuel Rod cannons fire, and the green-tinged projectiles soar towards me.

I let go of the wheel, and swing into the side seat, yelling to the side gunner, "Marine, take the wheel! Hard left!"

"Aye-aye, Chief!" responds the Marine.

All in vain.

The Fuel rods slam into the ground with the force of a small-scale plasma artillery shell.

The heat and concussive force throws my Warthog backwards, and soon, I lie, sprawled on the ground, my helmet thrown off.

The radiation singes my armor, luckily my shield absorbs the worst of it.

Everything starts to go black...

I have to hold on to something, to something!

I remember...Chandilar, one of our training worlds.

When I was ten, Kelly and I usually went to the fields of Chandilar's grassy plains, when we weren't being lectured by Dr. Halsey for goofing off, training, or being taught Mathematics, advanced science and our art of war by artificial intelligence constructs.

But one night I will never forget.

Kelly and I finished our combat simulations, by then most of our fellow Spartan-II's had been put to rest.

Of course, we could never rest.

Back then, before all this, when there was peace.

I remember it...so clearly.

(Flashback)

"_Can't catch me, John!"_

"_Wanna bet, Kelly? Loser does night patrol for a week!"_

"_You're on!"_

"_You'll have to catch me first, John! Finish line's alpha point!"_

"_Hah! I own Alpha course!"_

"_We'll see, 'cause I'd say I'm already halfway there!"_

"_Hey, no fair, Kelly! You cheated!"_

"_Can't catch me!"_

I don't really remember much from then on, I didn't win though, tackled her straight to the ground, and we rolled around in the grass for ages.

Under the midnight sky...Everything was so â€" so peaceful.

I will always remember my question.

"_Don't you ever wonder, what's up there?"_

"_Like What?" was her response, so full of childlike innocence..._

"_Maybe someone up there's... wondering what it's like down here..."_

"_I guess..." she sighed._

"_Do you think we'll ever meet them?"_

"_I hope so, don't you?" I responded in kind._

Amidst the fluttering grass...under the night sky...I will never forget.

Hope's always alive, and I will keep it alive.

(End Flashback)

The screech of marines dying, I have to get up.

"Chief?"

"CHIEF?"

I see my helm, thrown to my side by the force of the fuel rod explosions.

The sun...it's so blinding.

I check my cognition, count off my fingers, get my bearings...

I grab my helmet, put it on, and hear the hydraulic grasps hold it in place.

The banshees screech overhead, their plasma cannons pumping out suppressive fire on my position.

I hear longswords roar overhead, and soon, the banshees come crashing down.

The damaged radio transceiver blasts its signals into my ears.

"MARINE! Pull back NOW!"

I see a discarded assault rifle on the ground, marred by the explosion.

"Any sign of the chief?"

"Negative Sarge, I think we lost him."

I hear the launch of Wraith Artillery, and, true to my training, I look to the sky.

I see the fourth artillery wave heading towards me, the foremost plasma orb aimed right for my body.

I holster the assault rifle, sand falling out of its firing chamber.

"Not yet."

I thumb the activation trigger on the new DF-142 "Vanguard" Force dispersal grenade.

I throw it down, planting it in the sand, grab my pistol, and crouch low to minimize impact.

Just like the simulations.

I wait for it...

"3"

"2"

"1"

The grenade activates with a "thrum" and a plasma shield is thrown up around me.

So that's what the Jackal shield tech was being used for.

The Wraith cannon projectile hits, incinerating whatever remained of the Warthog.

The Shield absorbs the bulk of the impact, and powers down.

I break into a frenzied run towards the wraith tank concentrations.

Explosions echo all around me, but my mission is clear.

"This is for you, Kelly." I whisper to myself.

I holster my pistol, and ready my Assault rifle.

As I leap over the cliffs, I can see the battalions in the distance.

They won't risk firing upon their own troops.

Makes my job a lot easier.

The Brute leader in charge of the battalion looks up, and sees me, framed against the midday desert sun.

"Demon!" he yells, his troops running out of the way.

The cruise missiles soar overhead, cruising towards the backup battalions.

"Not with a bang." I whisper to myself again.

As I land, I finish off my sentence.

"But with a whimper!"

Pumping my assault rifle into the Brute Leader, I turn to his troops.

"Let's finish it!" I bellow to them.

They charge towards me, in a rage-filled fury.

I charge towards them in kind.

"This is the way it ends, here and NOW!"

And, as I collide, the world fades.

Not into Oblivion.

But into the light of a new day.

* * *

>Please Read and Review.<p><p>

* * *

>I really Look forward to Halo 3, and this is my tribute to
BUNGIE!<p><p>

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